

# THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

## OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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**Poetry of the Heart.**  
**How Wang Dreams.**  
BY JOHN K. HOLMES.  
How many dreams can Hope supply  
All gay as Summer's sunny morn;  
I see them in Love's beaming eye,  
Of earthily ones the sweetest born;  
I hear their happy whispers thrown  
At even on the moonlit air,  
And know when two hearts beat alone  
How many, many linger there.  
How sweet the song the martin made  
To childhood's morn-attentive ear;  
How lov'd the oak's autumnal shade,  
The quiet cottage standing near,  
Then life had nothing born in vain,  
No shadow'd path of ill to trace,  
The heart sang on, nor thought of pain,  
Hope made for it a dwelling-place.  
A morning in the shady wood  
Where stole the balmy breath of spring,  
A while enrapt in thought I stood,  
And heard again the blue-bird sing;  
My heart made music to the song  
Unmarr'd by any lone regret,  
And I forgot how much of wrong  
My heart since childhood's hour had met.  
Sweet Hope! be mine for evermore!  
With tender charms my heart instill:  
Be bright, as thou wert bright before,  
And lead me to thy homeward way,  
Let shadows lone remembrance raise  
Be ever banish'd from my brow,  
And that High One be purely prate'd  
Who has watch'd o'er my steps till now.

**Miscellaneous Reading.**  
**Charity and Odd-Fellowship.**  
CHARITY is a prominent feature in Odd-Fellowship. It is, in fact, the foundation upon which the entire superstructure rests. We assemble nightly within our halls for the avowed purpose of diffusing the principles of Benevolence and Charity. The sublime lessons taught in the precepts of our time-honored Order, always inculcate Charity! But do we, as Odd-Fellows, properly understand the term? Have we a just appreciation of what it really does mean? We do not believe that our order is a charitable institution, so far as the payment of benefits in time of sickness, or the conferring of relief in the hour of destitution and need, are concerned. This is not Charity. It is only simple justice. It is only what you and I and B and C contract for; and it is that to which we are entitled of right, according to the terms of our agreement. We associate to relieve each other in sickness and in want, and to make relief certain, we contribute a small sum each week to create a fund, from which we can draw relief when it is needed. This is a matter of mutual protection—nothing more. We understand the advantages before we enter into the agreement, and the contract stipulates that we shall receive, from the fund created by our joint contributions, a sum sufficient at least to aid us when aid is required. This is not Charity. It is our right. It is merely a compliance with the terms of our partnership. Yet ours is a charitable Order.  
Let us, then, provoke the inquiry: What is Charity? or what principle of Charity is it that we desire that we are united to diffuse? We answer: a principle of cordial good will to all men—a love for our race—a disposition to do good for the sake of goodness alone. It implies a desire on our part to crush in our imperfect nature, all the uprisings of malice, of hatred, of envy and revenge, and to improve in our hearts those tender emotions of love, by which we are prompted to regard our neighbor as ourself and to consider his interest as identified with our own. This is Charity! This is that heavenly virtue which constitutes the happiness of the "just made perfect," and is the only sure foundation of man's peace on earth. That Charity which an apostle tells us, in the inspired volume, "suffereth long and is kind," that "coviseth not," that "beareth all things," that "vaunteth not itself," is not Charity; and "thinketh no evil." This is Charity; that which is comprehended by the precepts of our Order. It teaches the brethren to love each other, to forgive each other, to bless each other, by the interchange

of those kindnesses which improve our condition, and elevate and purify the nature to which we are allied. It is that blessed spirit which, while it prompts us to renovate the virtuous, bids us  
"Deal gently with the erring,"  
and raise up the fallen by the "still small voice" of kindness and love! This is Charity—God and his glorified saints live in its ethereal presence, and man approximates to his Maker in exercising its power. This is Charity—the Charity of Odd-Fellowship! Dear reader, let it be yours and ours to practice this charity day by day, and we shall thereby reap an abundant harvest of peace and joy.

**The Russian Disaster at Silistria.**  
The London correspondent of the Washington Union, speaking of the new movement connected with the war in the East, has the following suggestions, which may explain the future operations of the belligerents, over which is now thrown so much doubt and suspicion:  
"The Russians will now probably withdraw from the principalities altogether, and cover their ignominy under a short simulated war with Austria, whose monstrous ingratitude even now would be a welcome bone of contention to the Emperor Nicholas. Who knows but that by this arrangement the Czar may not even save his crown and life, since no other excuse for his apparent disgrace might be acceptable to the Russian nobility and army, who can hitherto have but little motives to be satisfied with the loss in blood and fortune imposed upon them for the benefit of the orthodox, but to them mysterious, policy of their chief. The arrangement will, at all events, erect a barrier between the chief combatants. The Turks will be unable to profit from their victory, except by coming into conflict with the Austrians. The Turkish government, we know, assents to it. The Turkish army would thus become idle from the absence of a hostile object. The English and French might pretend to be willing to take Sebastopol and the Crimea, but then the Russians would not fail to throw their entire now disengaged force into that fortress and province, not to speak of the objections which might be raised by Austria protesting and declaring that she was satisfied. A *cassis belli* is thus provided, not merely between Turkey and Austria, but also eventually between Austria and the western powers.  
However, there is little ground to fear the latter alternative, since the governments of England and France will only be too glad to have fresh pretext for inactivity. The operations of war, will therefore, now be again at an end, as far as the theatre of the Danube principalities is concerned. Meanwhile the conference at Vienna will reassemble, and pass the time in devising fresh protocols and bases for adjustment. The Russian, by their evacuation will have Austria and Prussia entirely in their favor, and the boasting of Lord John Russell about necessary guarantees against a recurrence of Russian aggression will have been the more idle, as his own chief, Lord Aberdeen, declared only the other night, with a truly cynical courage, that he would be satisfied with any compromise which promised a peace of something like twenty-five years. But then, it is said, even for this object it would be necessary to reduce at least Sebastopol and the Crimea, and to bring this chief stronghold and force for mischief from Russia. Very well; only the arrangement with Austria will thus enable Russia to throw her whole force as garrison into the menaced province, and to give to the allies a warmer reception than they are prepared to brave. Where Russia is mostly endangered is her Georgian province; but what is the loss or sacrifice of a few fortresses and an army to her, when she knows the conditions of peace beforehand to be so settled as to render her everything she may have lost through arms!"

**A GREAT MANS MOTHER.**—When General Washington arrived at Fredericksburg, Va., where his mother resided, on his return from Yorktown, in October, 1781, the people came in crowds to greet him, but his mother, though proud of her son, was unmoved by the honors paid to him. When the triumphal procession entered the town, she was preparing yarn for the weaver of cloth for her servants, and was thus occupied when her honored son entered the house. "I am glad to see you, George; you have altered considerably," were her first words; and during the whole interview not a word was said by either of his glorious achievements. The next day she was visited by Lafayette, who spoke to her in glowing language of the greatness of her son. Her simple and memorable reply was, "I am not surprised, for George was always a good boy."  
**EXTRAVAGANCE.**—A princely mind will ruin a private fortune. Keep the rank in which Providence has placed you, and do not make yourself unhappy because you cannot afford whatever a wild fancy might suggest. The revenues of all the kingdoms of the world would not be equal to the expense of one extravagant person.

**Miss Tod, W. D.**  
**On—DISEASE OF THE HEART.**  
FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A YOUNG LAWYER.  
[From a new work, by Cousin Cleely, in the course of publication by Burnett & Eastwick, New Orleans.]  
These days of my clerkship were ended; my examination was over; I was admired; wrote myself "Nehemiah Hubbs, Attorney;" put up my new bright little sign, and in my native village began my professional career. No, I did not either; I am mistaken. I intended to pursue the honorable practice of the noble profession to which I had dedicated my talents and learning, in the place of my birth; but, never was truer word penned than the time-honored proverb, "A prophet hath no honor in his own country." I believe if I had remained in the village of Green Briar till my head was white, they would have thought of me as nothing but a boy, and would have feared to, trust me. Even after my sign was put up, nobody called me Mr. Hubbs; I was still "No." with old and young, and "No" I would have remained to this day had I remained in Green Briar.

Only one case claimed my attention during the three months of my patient continuance in Green Briar, after being admitted to the bar, and that was the case of an unjustly impounded pig; "feloniously abstracted, your honor, from the small but secure spot in which my client had trustfully deposited him, and maliciously driven to the public enclosure called a pound, for the vile purpose, doubtless, of compelling my client, in his poverty and destitution, to pay the enormous fee which has been demanded of him, in order to extricate the animal from his unpleasant position, and restore him to the bosom of his family!"  
By this, I meant the client's family, the pig having none of his own; it was a figure of speech undoubtedly, the family not inhabiting an Irish cabin, but still it rounded off the period, and sounded well to me, as I repeated over and over again my maiden speech, pacing up and down the floor of my little office. In this, my first case, I was successful so far as to rescue the impounded animal, and save my client from the payment of an unjust demand; but it brought no silver to my pocket; neither, to my surprise, did it seem to bring honor to my name. The eloquence of my speech did not form the theme, as I had fondly hoped it would, of paragraphs in the village papers, or discussion at the corners of the streets, neither did it bring to my office the rush of clients for which each day I vainly made ready. It was plain that I should never rise to distinction in Green Briar, and so I came to the sudden determination to remove from that pleasant spot, and settle in some great city where nobody knew or had ever heard of me; where, above all, there was not a soul to call me "No."

There I was more successful, and soon had the opportunity of forming a very advantageous partnership; business increased; money began to come in slowly at first, but after a time more plentifully, and all things seemed prosperous in my outward circumstances. But alas! as we are so often told poetically, there is not sweet without its bitter, no rose without its thorn; and trouble came to me in the shape of diseases, insidious, and slow, in its approaches at first, long feared and suspected, but at length betraying itself so plainly, that I would blind myself no longer to the truth.  
Yes! I was without doubt a victim of disease of the heart; not metaphorically, dear reader, for never had that organ beat with a quicker pulsation at the approach or mortal punishment; so far as the gentler sex was concerned, I was a perfect stoic; but that there was organic disease about my heart, I could not doubt, and if ever the symptoms disclosed themselves unmistakably, they did so in my case. There was fluttering, palpitation, irregular action, and at length pain; I could not work; life had lost its zest; the fear of sudden death was ever with me—I could enjoy nothing. If I had anything to leave, or anybody to leave it to, I should have made my will, for I was quite sure now that I should either drop some day, lifeless in the street, or that the morning would soon come, when the power to rise from my bed would have left me.  
I remained at my boarding house, and found no comfort in anything but my cigar, and my dread disease grew worse and worse. As yet I had consulted no physician, partly I think from the apprehension of having my fears confirmed; but as I sat by my window one day, smoking as vigorously as ever gazing abstractedly across the street, my attention was arrested by a modest little sign upon an opposite blind—"C. L. Tod, M. D." While thinking whether or not it would be best to make trial of a physician's skill, a sudden tinge and flutter decided me; yes, I would send for Dr. Tod, and know the worst at once.  
Summoning the only male servant belonging to the establishment, I told him to step across and ask Dr. Tod to come and see me as soon as possible.  
The boy grinned.  
"What are you laughing at?" I asked, "is not Dr. Tod a good physician?"  
"Oh, yes sir," he answered, "I believe he

is a very good physician, but she ha'n't never tended nobody here."  
"She?" said I to myself, "the boy surely has Welch blood in his veins, they always she very thing."  
The boy soon returned, saying, "the Dr. wasn't to home sir, but I left your name on the slate."  
In the course of the afternoon, as I lay upon the sofa, with my hand pressed upon my head, to still its irregular pulsations, there was a soft tap at my door. "Come in," I called out, and, to my surprise, in came the neatest, brightest, most cheerful looking little woman I had ever been my lot to meet.  
"You sent for me, I believe sir?" she said in a quick, brisk, pleasant way.  
"I no madam,—you are laboring under a mistake."  
"A I beg pardon," said the little woman, "I found on my slate the name of Mr. Hubbs, number fourteen, Mr. Grey's boarding house," with a request that I would call to see him!

"Your slate! madam?" I exclaimed, my astonishment increasing every moment; "you surely are not a—"  
"Physician! yes sir; she interrupted quickly; "I am a physician; Dr. Tod."  
"Extraordinary!" was all I could say, for though I had heard as a distance of the existence of such beings, this was my first introduction to a female practitioner of the Esculapian art. It was rather awkward, but since she had come, I determined to make the best of it, and acquaint the lady Doctor with my case.  
She felt my pulse; asked numerous questions as to my symptoms, and then, in her quick, light way, exclaimed.  
"Nervous! nervous! that's all, depend upon it! excuse me, sir, but by the air of your room, I presume you are much given to smoking."  
I plead guilty.  
"And how many cigars do you usually smoke in a day?"  
I could not tell; I never counted; as soon as I threw away one I took another, usually.  
"Hum! cigar in your mouth pretty much all the time, eh! Chew, too?"  
Again a reluctant confession was wrung from me.  
"I presume you sit up late, smoking all the time?"  
"Yes ma'am, smoking and reading."  
"That's it! no disease of the heart, at all, sir; nothing but tobacco, depend upon it; nothing but tobacco; it'll make you fancy anything; it'll drive you crazy, if you don't take care. Now, will you promise to follow my advice closely, or not? If not, I will take my leave immediately."  
I promised, submissive as a lamb.  
"In the first place, then, throw away all your cigars and tobacco; and promise to buy no more."  
With a sigh, given to my sole consolations, I said I would do as he directed.  
Many more directions she gave me as to diet, exercise, early hours, &c.; perhaps she saw too that cheerful companionship was one thing I needed, and so she remained awhile, talking with great glee and spirit, about matters and things in general; and promising to call and see me the next morning. She left.  
I have not felt so well in a great while, indeed I had not given my heart a thought since the little woman entered my room.  
The next morning I found myself watching impatiently for the arrival of my little Doctor. She came bright and cheerful as the day before; what a perfect little sunbeam she was! I could not help growing better under her care, and the influence of her cheering presence, and yet I managed to contrive some ache or pain every day, as an excuse for the continuance of her visits.  
At length I found that my heart, which had long been quiet and apparently free from disease, began to flutter and palpitate again, but I observed it was only when I heard, the little woman's tap at my door, or felt her soft fingers on my wrist. In short, as she had driven the disease out of my heart, that little woman herself had walked into it. I could no longer blind myself to the fact; and when she one day told me that I was now off the sick list, and out of her hands, I determined that she should not so easily get out of mine.  
So I told her that as she had now given ease to my heart in one respect, she must not leave me till she had done so in another, or I should be worse off than I was before. The little woman look perplexed.  
Then I stated my case, and explained my symptoms a second time; showing her the distressed state of my heart, and she alone could cure it. The former disease she had removed by an occasional visit, the latter could only be cured by her promising to come and take up her abode with me, as "resident physician." She understood me now, and by the way she pressed her hand on her own little fluttering heart, one would have thought the disease was contagious; and I verily think it was. So now we determined to cure each other, and next week we are both to apply to a clergyman, who is to form between us a life-partnership, as lawyer and physician.

But one thing troubles me, of which I had not thought till now; that it is necessary or have our cards engraved. Married people are usually "Mr. and Mrs. So and so," to

"Mr. Such a one and lady," but will any one please to be so kind as to tell me, how I and my little wife are to be designated. Will it be "Mr. and Dr. Hubbs," or "Mr. and Mrs. Hubbs, M. D.," or as the ladies are going ahead so fast in these days of Woman's Rights, will I sink into still lower significance, and shall we be "Dr. Tod and *gentle-ma'am*;" or must I drop the name of Hubbs altogether, and become a Tod, too! Somebody, please tell me, how to have these cards engraved! It is a point that ought to be settled. The ladies are running to the pulpit, and even to the bar, very many of them are already in the medical profession, and till a man has made up his mind what position he is to take when he has a minister, or a lawyer, or a doctor for his wife, let him guard well his heart, and above all, if that organ or any other is diseased, let him beware how he employs a "lady for his leech."

**"I Don't Care."**  
Now don't say you don't care, because you do. For what else have you been twining those pretty curls till there is not a ruffled hair upon their surface! For who else would you wear that shining knot of blue ribbon, the color he likes so well! and the very little keepsake of red coral that fairly flutters upon that white muslin?  
If you don't care his away to mother's room;—there is plenty to do there.  
Your guitar stands neglected: the white pearl buttons, like gems, stud the glittering foil in your neat work-basket, and the patient bosom is waiting the aid of your fairy fingers to sew them on. There is the book with the leaf folded down where you left off at dark. Father sits in his accustomed place, very willing to hear your voice and sighing sometimes when he thinks how soon it may warble in another home.  
But no; you have been with father and mother for eighteen long years, and love has let down gently before them, the face, the form the heart of another. And he is late to night!  
"I don't care."  
But yes you do care. Taking quick marches between the glass and window, sitting down for a moment and playing pettish music with your foot, springing up with rose blushes at every footstep, (even at old black Cook's) fancying it may be him; does that look as if you didn't care! Rather questionable symptoms.  
"Should think he might come."  
So should I. He ought to come; he would come if he knew what a little fever of expectation you was in. He would perhaps fall right on his knees, though if he does, reject him, for he cannot have a manly excuse.  
Could he only see you now!  
For there you stand looking so wistfully down towards that little white lattice gate, watching unconsciously how the moonbeams drink the crimson from the roses. Never heeding the low bewildering music of the willow dulcimers, or the floating sprays that fan the wild flowers to sleep.  
"I don't care!"  
Truly spoken that time.  
The water of the river gleams beyond like a solid mass of silver, and now and then a transitory lustre flashes athwart the heavens. A star shoots. Quick! the wish thrice repeated, as you watch it falling, that he may come soon.  
Oh! how strange . . . the glories of heaven and the beauty of the earth should all be made subservient to that young heart's first love.  
A shadow falls on the white path; a tall, manly form stoops to the latch of the little gate. He is coming, he has come. And there you sit looking so unconcerned and proper, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to expect him just then.  
The song that you "couldn't sing" for father, is repeated at his request. Ah! naughty child, naughty child; but loving woman, for all that.—*Oliver Branch.*

**WOMEN.**—The following passage is from "Rural Hours," by Miss Cooper, daughter of the late Fenimore Cooper. It beautifully expresses the sentiments of all women of pure feelings and correct principles:  
We American women certainly owe a debt of gratitude to our countrymen for their kindness and consideration of us generally. Gallantry may not always take a graceful form in this part of the world, and mere flattery may be worth as little here as elsewhere; but there is a glow of generous feeling toward women in the hearts of most American men, which is highly honorable to them as a nation and as individuals. In no country is the protection given to woman's helplessness more full and free; in no country is the assistance she receives from the stronger arm so general; and nowhere does her weakness meet with more forbearance and consideration. Under such circumstances, it must be woman's own fault if she be not respected also. The position accorded to her is favorable. It remains for her to fill it in a manner worthy of her own sex, gratefully, kindly and simply; with truth and modesty of heart and life; unwavering fidelity of feeling and principle; with patience, cheerfulness, and sweetness of temper—no unfit return to those who smooth the daily path for her.

**A Little Heathen Boy and his Sisters.**  
"I was much affected," says the Rev. Mr. French, a missionary among the Mahatras, in India, "by the following incident which occurred in the temple at Pimpulwunda. A little boy, about ten years of age, accompanied by two girls smaller than himself, his sisters probably, came to pay their devotions. The little boy, in a state of almost entire nudity, first washed the idol with water, and then put a little red paint on his forehead, shoulders, and breasts. This being done, he took from the little girl some small flowers, which he laid in various places on the idol; and, to crown all, he threw, after several ineffectual attempts, the idol being taller than himself, a string of flowers over his head. Having finished this part of the ceremony, the three pitiable little creatures commenced circumambulating and bowing to the senseless object which they had thus early been taught to regard as their god. I was much affected, I say, in witnessing this scene, and was led to reflect how different are the circumstances and prospects of the dear children of my native land. There the infant mind is trained in the principles of virtue and salvation. Here it is initiated into the mysteries of iniquity, and swallowed up in the darkness and superstition of idolatry. But it is a blessed thought, to be apprehended only by faith, however, that the infants of India shall one day speak forth the praises of Immanuel. The Lord hasten that day in his own good time."  
Heathen parents take their very young children to the temple of one idol and teach them how to bow and kneel, and wash, and perform the other ceremonies which are required in the worship of that idol. At another time they take them to the temple of another idol and teach them how to worship that, and so on through all the multitude of their idols; and thus they train their children up to all the wickedness and fidelity of idol worship.

**A PERSIAN GARDEN.**—On my first entering this tower of fairy land, (indeed I may call it the very garden of beauty) I was struck with the appearance of two rose-trees full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers, in every degree of expansion, and of a bloom and of scent that imbued the whole atmosphere with the most exquisite perfume. Indeed, I believe that in no country of the world does the rose grow in such perfection as in Persia; in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. Their gardens and courts are crowded with its plants, their rooms ornamented with vases filled with its gathered bunches, and every path strewn with the full blown flowers, plucked from the ever replenished stem. Even the humblest individual who pays a piece of copper money for a few whiffs of kailoun, feels a double enjoyment when he finds it stuck with a bud from his dear native tree! But in this delicious garden of *Negaristau* the eye and the smell were not the only senses regaled by the presence of the rose. The ear was enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of multitudes of nightingales, whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favorite flowers; verifying the song of their poet, who says, "When the roses fade, when the charms of the bower are passed away, the fond tale of the nightingale no longer animates the scene."—*Sir Robert Porter, in 1820.*

**REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.**—The following extract from the letter of a clergyman to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, presents a very simple, and he says effectual preventive of cholera, as well as a remedy of great power:  
The preventive is simple—a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal taken three or four times a week, in a cup of coffee or other liquid in the morning. When attacked with cholera, a mixture of an ounce of charcoal, an ounce of laudanum, and an ounce of brandy or other spirits, may be given as follows, after being well shaken. A teaspoonful every five minutes. In half an hour I have known this effectually to relieve and stay the disease. As the patient becomes better, the mixture may be given at longer intervals, I have known a patient in the blue stage, and collapsed, perfectly recovered in a few hours.

The charcoal was tried as a preventive on a large plantation in the Maritimes, and not a single individual out of 800 was attacked with cholera.  
**PREPARATION FOR DEATH.**—When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more; and when you awake in the morning, consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly. That night cometh of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which you will never see the night—Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the fruit is ripe, it falls off the tree easily; so when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be more easy for him.  
The Artesian well in Charleston is 1,150 feet deep and they are still boring deeper.